Por. Have by ſome Surgeon *Shilocke* on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he do bleed to death,
Iew. Is it ſo nominated in the Bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſt, but what of that?
Twere good you do ſo much for charity.
Iew. I cannot finde it, tis not in the Bond.
Por. You Merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd;
Give me your hand *Baſſanio*, fare you well,
Greeve not that I am falne to this for you:
For herein Fortune ſhowes her ſelfe more kind
Then is her cuſtome: it is ſtill her vſe
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: from which lingring pennance
Of ſuch miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife,
Tell her the proceſſe of *Anthonio's* end,
Say how I lov'd you, ſpeak me faire in death:
And when the Tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a Love:
Repent but you that you ſhall looſe your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt:
For if the Iew do cut but deep enough,
Ile pay it inſtantly with all my heart.
Baſſ. *Anthonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deere to me as life it ſelfe,
But life it ſelfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life.
I would looſe all, I, ſacrifize them all
Here to this Devill, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to heare you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, who I proteſt I love,
I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome power to change this curriſh Iew.
Ner. Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.

Iew. Theſe be the Chriſtian h
Would any of the ſtocke of *B*
Had been her husband, rather
We trifle time, I pray thee pu
Por. A pound of that ſame
The Court awards it, and the
Iew. Moſt rightfull Judge.
Por. And you muſt cut thi
The law alowes it, and the Co
Iew. Moſt learned judge,
Por. Tarry a little, there is
This Bond doth give thee her
The words expreſly are a pou
Take then thy Bond, take tho
But in the cutting it, if thou d
One drop of Chriſtian bloud,
Are by the Lawes of *Venice* c
Unto the State of *Venice*.
Grat. O upright Judge,
Marke Iew, O learned Judge.
Shy. Is that the Law?
Por. Thy ſelfe ſhalt ſee th
For as thou urgeſt juſtice, be a
Thou ſhalt have juſtice more
Grat. O learned judge, ma
Iew. I take his offer then,
And let the Chriſtian go.
Baſſ. Here is the money.
Por. Soft, the Iew ſhall ha
He ſhall have nothing but the
Grat. O Iew, an upright Iu
Por. Therefore prepare the
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut th
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if th
Or leſſe then a juſt pound, be i
As makes it light or heavie in
Or the diviſion of the twenti
Of one poore ſcruple, nay if t

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